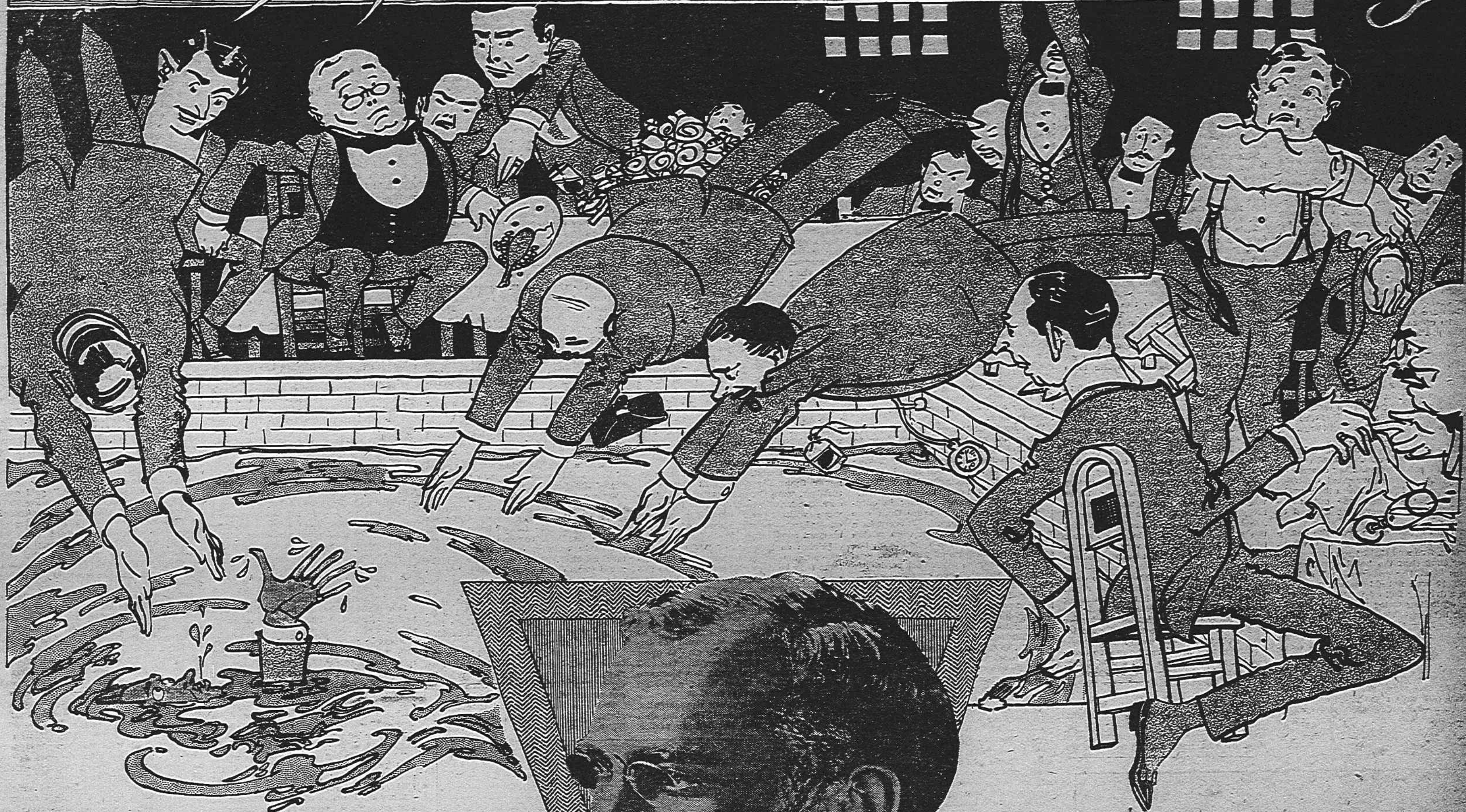


Magazine Feature Section

The Merry Life Savers at Mr. Hill's Natatorium Stag!



Railroad Magnate's Private Tank Is Scene Of Heroic Rescue When Guest Falls In—Tuxedoed Swimmers Paddle Around In the Surging Waters and Bring the Impromptu Bather to a Belated Lunch

It is Newport's next move in the game of "dinner checkers."

Perhaps you have never heard of this game. It is played something like this: One of the fashionables of the eastern colony gives a dinner. Present as one of the guests is a monkey. A monkey is not absolutely necessary—any sort of a surprise will do. The dinner is heralded far and wide as a triumph in things novel. It is then up to some person of another locality to seat an elephant at the table or to do something to out-Newport Newport.

As said before, it is Newport's next move. But can it move? Friends of Louis W. Hill, president of the Great Northern Railway and son of James J. Hill, the multimillionaire financier, believe that the gay resort of the Atlantic seaboard is "cornered."

HILL IN ROLE OF "FIXER."

Now to tell you why: Mr. Hill gave a dinner in St. Paul not so long ago. The guest of honor was W. P. Kenny, vice president of the Great Northern, and the affair was attended by fifty business men of Minnesota's capital. Twenty-four hours before the dinner Mr. Hill jumped into his automobile and drove to the office of Otis Everett, the president of a St. Paul bank.

"Everett," said the railroad magnate, "I understand that you're a crackjack swimmer."

"True."

"That you are a former champion water polo player?"

"Yes."

"Held records in Boston?"

"Quite right. But what's the meaning?"

"I'll tell you later," said Mr. Hill. He put on his hat and hurried from the bank.

A few moments later he was motoring to his home.

When Mr. Hill arrived there he found servants preparing for the dinner on the following evening. They were arranging chairs in the spacious Hill dining-room.

"I've changed my plans," said the railroad man. "Place those chairs about the natatorium in the basement."

So far so good.

MR. EVERETT AGREES.

Mr. Hill motored back to the Great Northern building and soon was up to his neck in work. It was not until the following day that he explained matters to Otis Everett, the banker.

"But—"

"There is no 'but' about it, Everett," interrupted Mr. Hill. "I'm same—so are you. Is it a go?"

The two shook hands.

Each of the guests fled into the Hill home wearing a tuxedo. Among them was Carmel Thompson, treasurer of the United States during the administration of President Taft. More about Mr. Thompson anon.

KERPLUNK!

SPLASH!

Mr. Hill personally saw to the seating of the half hundred guests.

He seemed particularly anxious that Mr. Everett have a chair close to the natatorium.

The first course was being served and the hum of voices filled the basement when Mr. Everett, leaning back to converse with a friend at a near-by table, fell from his chair. There followed a loud "kerplunk," and the startled friends of Mr. Hill saw the bath president floundering in ten feet of water.

"Help!" gurgled Mr. Everett.

The fifty business men leaped to their feet.

"Some one help me—quick!" came from the struggling man in the water.

Then he disappeared.

Mr. Hill rushed to the edge of the natatorium. He seemed to forget his patent leather shoes, his tuxedo, his shirt bosom with a hundred

tucks—and he jumped in.

Mr. Everett reappeared on the surface of the water. He was blowing like a young whale. Truly, he looked helpless and in danger.

THOMPSON IN ROLE OF ADAM.

Three men in tuxedos followed Mr. Hill in his attempt at rescue. They were Cyrus P. Brown, vice president of a St. Paul bank; R. P. Sherer, formerly a well-known Chicago banker and now vice president of a St. Paul financial institution; and Charles Patterson, treasurer of a big shoe corporation.

Right here is where Carmel Thompson, former caretaker of Uncle Sam's money, enters into the swim-

ming party. As Mr. Hill and his trio of life-savers grapsed for the "drowning" banker, Mr. Thompson stood at the natatorium's edge and piece by piece divested himself of clothes. He was attired like Adam of biblical fame and ready to plunge into the water when Mr. Everett, puffing and blowing, was lifted out of the natatorium.

Mr. Thompson calmly redressed. Meanwhile the half hundred guests crowded around the "prostrate" Mr. Everett.

"Give him air!" shouted Mr. Hill. The men fell back.

How much further the joke was intended to be carried is not known. Mr. Everett, peering out of one eye to see the dripping figures of several friends and Carmel Thompson getting on his dress shirt, began to laugh.

CAT LET OUT OF BAG.

Mr. Hill laughed, too. The "life-savers" looked at Mr. Everett and Mr. Hill in amazement. Surely, a near drowning was not a laughing matter.

Then Cyrus P. Brown walked into a corner and kicked himself. Mr. Sherer did likewise. Mr. Patterson followed suit.

You see, they had suddenly remembered that Mr. Everett is a champion water polo player—or was in his younger days. Boston Athletic club members will vouch for that.

"To think we ruined our tuxedos to 'rescue' an expert swimmer," said Mr. Hill, by way of rubbing it in.

"All but me," said Mr. Thompson, the former treasurer of the United States. "It pays to be deliberate."

Mr. Hill escorted Mr. Everett and the others who had plunged into the natatorium to his bedroom, where a valet helped them into some of Mr. Hill's business suits. Although not a good fish, they filled the bill.

The dinner was resumed. The next day the natatorium was drained and two watches, one the property of Mr. Brown and the other belonging to Mr. Sherer, were found on the bottom of the tank.

FOR EAST IS EAST AND WEST IS WEST.

A recent dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. George Austin Morrison of New York was as widely different in idea and execution from that of Mr. Hill as the mill separate Gotham from St. Paul. At the Morrison affair the guests were asked to seek inspiration from the lower animals of the undomesticated variety. It was called a "zoological dinner."

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seals, polar and grizzly bears, leopard, tigers and chimpanzees.

Immune.

With expectant air, the boarders watch Mr. Clouthay attack the oft-torn flannel griddle cakes that are set before him the morning of April 1.

To their amazement he tears these apart and devours them with great gusto.

Cake after cake disappears, and as he gives his sixth order he remarks:

"By ginger! I'm glad to see our landlady is keeping in touch with the latest inventions in breakfast foods. I like these first rate. I am very fond of anything that has some chew to it; these predigested things don't satisfy me."

A Compromise was Effected.

"There are so many quality pleasant customs about a wedding," says the prospective bride, with a trembling smile. "Now, the good old one of all the men who attend the ceremony kissing the bride may have its objections, but I—well, I—"

And way, I like these first rate. I am very fond of anything that has some chew to it; these predigested things don't satisfy me."

"Certainly," answers the prospective bridegroom, with set jaws. "Certainly, and I read in the magazines that there is a delightful new custom in connection with weddings."

All the young and pretty women among the onlookers kiss the groom people might object to that, but as for me, I see in it merely an evidence of their good will and good wishes."

But the bride-to-be puckers up her pretty brow and tries to think of how best to arbitrate the matter.

Riches Indignation.

On his native heath down in "Old Virginia" there is nothing the average dandy resents so vigorously as impertinence on the part of one of the race.

A regular "fo-de-wah man" known by name and old as "Aunt Priddy" was telling of a time when her father, home with a bag of clothes on her head when she was stopped by a little pickaninny sitting on the fence who yelled in a shrill voice: "Whar yuh got, Aunt Priddy?"